





## LA PAZ DE AYACUCHO.

## INTERESTING STREET SCENES IN A SOUTH AMERICAN CAPITAL.

Gossip from a balcony—Habits and Customs of the People of the "City of Peace"—Religious Zeal.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

LA PAZ, Bolivia, July, 1890.

There is a Spanish proverb which says:

"Musica, miel y la ventana."

No es buena en la ventana.

Meaning that music, honey and standing in the window are indulgences not good for the early part of the day.

Notwithstanding the injunction, let us step out on our hotel balcony, which overlooks the central plaza of this queer old town, to enjoy the street scenes and morning sunshine.

The "City of Peace." Gazing at the stupendous mountains which stretch away to the horizon on every side, one ceases to wonder at its strange title, remembering that when those early Spaniards explored these barren heights in search of gold and unexplored Indians and found this green and cup-like hollow, they were glad to rest here awhile from their journeys.

This led to the establishment of a military post, which afterwards grew into a city; and in 1548 Don Alonso de Mendoza, who seems to have had a streak of poetry in his sordid soul, solemnly christened it *Nuestra Señora de la Paz*, "Our Lady of the Peace."

The name was changed some six or seven years ago, just after the decisive battle of Ayacucho, by means of which Bolivia gained her independence from Spain, the final treaty of peace being celebrated here, to La Paz de Ayacucho.

And certainly the very spirit of peace, or rather of idleness, seems brooding over the scene. Because of the great elevation, about 13,000 feet above sea-level, everybody moves about slowly who moves at all, for that distressing complaint known as *sirocco*, or difficulty of breathing, is here to follow active exercise. Away up here winter and summer are much like, for though completely sheltered by mountain walls from all the winds that blow, the air has in it the chill of the near-by snowfields. Out of doors in the middle of the day it is tolerably comfortable, but there is no sun to warm one. A few rays of light, but no heat, and no wind to stir the air. The houses, not one of which has any sort of apparatus for warming purposes, are damp and cold as so many tombs, except in rooms which are thoroughly penetrated by the mid-day sun. Imagine a civilized community where water freezes at night and frosts are frequent, depending solely upon the sun for heat, especially in this altitude that is so more inconsistent than the moon, sometimes refusing to show its face for days together! "Summer clothes" are never required in La Paz. Everybody wears his overcoat at all seasons, and needs it much more indoors than out. Strange to say, the uncomfortable people, shivering around the house in wraps and furs, have an unconquerable prejudice against artificial heat, and believe that to keep a fire in a stove or grate would mean total destruction to health. An American gentleman residing here, who has a scientific taste for burning kerosene to mitigate the deadly chill in my rooms, and great was the consternation in the hotel when it was discovered! My own life was seriously endangered thereby, but that of the entire household as well, when a fire broke out came along a little later and reaped its harvest under this roof as elsewhere, we were excessively annoyed by dark hints thrown out to the effect that all the sickness and death was directly traceable to that same oil stove.

But there are compensations everywhere for most of the ills of life, and one with an eye to the picturesque may find them even in La Paz. Let us "look under the hills" with the Psalmist, just now wonderful with patches of light and shadow, varying from darkest purple to palest gray. Directly opposite our window, dominating the hillside, the giant sentinel of the Andes, looms up like a sheeted ghost, white as unsunned snow can make it; while on every hand, stretching far as the eye can reach, are lines of mountains rising tier above tier to the clouds, green on the sunny foot-hills, amethyst and brown above, and the distant heights a misty blue.

In front of Illimani and looking close beside its snowy background (but in reality forty miles or more this side of it) rises the dark, fire-peaked and jagged, and tower of a city sanctuary, and nearer yet, fronting us on the other side of the plaza, is the sky-blue building with dark red doors and pillars and tall white tower with a clock in it, which was formerly a church, but now—stark all over with cinders and looted, and now a military barracks for its sessions. On one side of it a long lavender-hued structure stretches to the corner with a broad strip of pea-green painted across the front, in which appears in black letters the legend, "Cafe de Paris," while on the other hand, a two-story building with arches above the ground floor, and a balcony above, and a balcony below, all pale green, completes that side of the square.

Separated by a narrow street from the emerald-hued arches, rises the President's palace—three-storied, the lower story of heavy stone, the upper of natural color, the upper part painted pale blue. Its windows have neither outer nor inner shutters, but each is guarded by an iron railing balcony. Red-tressed soldiers are looting all day before its entrance, and above them floats the gorgeous flag of Bolivia, three equal stripes of red, yellow and green, with the national escutcheon stamped in the middle. There are few hours in the twenty-four when some military company is not parading, or band playing before the President's casa. Whenever the national anthem is rendered, a rather jerky tune, it seems to me, without much heart in it, we notice that most men take off their hats. There have been times in the history of the country when to have neglected this token of patriotism would have been dangerous. Flanking the imposing Executive mansion and completing the right hand side of the square is a half-finished structure, built of polished blocks of white stone, with beautifully carved pillars and window caps. So long ago was this immense enterprise begun that its original purpose seems to have been forgotten, and grass is now growing out of the roofless walls. Though at least a quarter of a million of dollars has been spent upon it, the work has been entirely abandoned for many years.

Across the plaza, facing the palace, stands the Hotel Central, pale pink above, strawberry red below, with heavy black trimmings and the name of the proprietor sprawling clear across the front in bright blue letters. Next to it is a restaurant dressed in green and lavender, while its adjoining neighbor is all gray, in a *salon de billares* dedicated to the historic twin "Romulo and Remo." Our own side of the square is occupied by another hotel, kept by a bustling French widow; a row of shops at one end and at the other a magnificent stone casa, through whose open door one may sometimes catch glimpses of alabaster staircases, fountains, statues—erected many years ago by a viceroy of Spain for the beauty who possessed his heart but did not wear a wedding ring. We may remark, *en passant*, that just back of us in another hotel, misnamed "American," the travelers do not have accommodations equally bad. Between these three hostleries and whichever he patronizes, he will regret that he had not "put up" at one of the others.

This Plaza Mayor of La Paz, like that of other Spanish American cities, is its

principal feature, from which all things radiate. Its entire surface is paved with small stones set in a regular pattern of diagonal bars, as are the streets immediately around it, the figures rendered more pronounced by alternating black and white stones, the former brought from an island in Lake Titicaca. Rows of little trees, most of them dead or dying, languish between the stones, and the whole is surrounded by a high alabaster wall. The central fountain is really worth looking at, a lofty affair of alabaster and marble. A circular basin, very large and elaborately carved, is filled with water to the brim and reached by a flight of marble steps, extending all around. In the middle of this basin four big dolphins, standing on their heads, support a huge alabaster shell, which is also filled with water and contains smaller dolphins in similar attitudes, upholding another shell. This also contains smaller dolphins supporting a third shell; in the latter stands a tall and slender female figure, in the hands of the whole is inclosed by an iron fence, with large square pillars at regular intervals, each pillar topped by a marble sea-lion, which is slowly vomiting water in a very sea-like manner for the accommodation of people who come to drink or to fill their jugs.

Down the hill, winding up and down the hills, are remarkably steep and irregular, all paved with small sharp stones, many of them having sidewalks so narrow that two pedestrians can hardly walk abreast. Looking down at the one which passes immediately below the fountain, it descends a sharp hill, at the foot of which are crowds of people. Should you brave the danger of *sirocco* and venture down there you will find all manner of commodities spread out for sale on both sides of the walk for several squares up and down the hill, the streets diverge from the market house. Sunday morning early is the best time to go, for in these countries everything is seen at its best on that day of the week. There are fish from Lake Titicaca, mutton and beef from the Andean plateau, fruits and vegetables from the Yungas and other distant valleys. There is Indian work of many kinds, notably knitted caps of brilliant color, mittens that draw on over hands and arms to the shoulders and are fastened together at the back, ponchos that rival the rainbow in hues, and ready-made garments of every description, from coarse and the blue-checked, splendidly embroidered velvet jacket of the festive *cholos*. Searching among the smaller booths one may pick up veritable *curios* in the way of tiny idols from the Inca ruins, stuffed armadillos, musical instruments made by the Indians, which it would be no sin to worship, they not being in the likeness of anything in the heavens above or the earth below, the strange ornaments of macaw feathers, which they wear at the annual religious *fiestas* of Copacabana, and tiny still-born vicuñas for use in some of their superstitious ceremonies.

There are handsome straw baskets, too, most of them bearing in blood-red letters the words, *Viva mi Amor*—"Long live my love!" trunks of black or long cow-hide, the hair side turned outward and lined with red or yellow kid; ties and neckties, and the fleeces of alpaca and llama. The vicuñas furs are especially desirable for rugs or carriage robes. They sell here for from \$10 to \$20, according to size and quality, but bring in New York and other places from \$50 to \$100 each.

A little way from the market, on the other side of the President's casa, is the National Museum of Bolivia, contained in one rather large apartment on the first floor. There are some fine idols in it, and other relics and curiosities of note, including the figure of the Virgin, which was said to be no sin to worship, they not being in the likeness of anything in the heavens above or the earth below, the strange ornaments of macaw feathers, which they wear at the annual religious *fiestas* of Copacabana, and tiny still-born vicuñas for use in some of their superstitious ceremonies.

When a Cholo girl marries her god-mother, who is usually a lady of the upper class for whom her mother or herself has been a servant, pay for the first day's feasting and first night's ball. The groom's father then feels called upon to furnish entertainment for the next twenty-four hours, followed by the bride's father for the third day and night, after which the two mothers-in-law chip in together and keep it up as long as their means will allow, thus making sure of food and fun for at least a week.

Hark! Strange music is heard at a distance, the most weird and gruesome that can be imagined, coming nearer and nearer. We recognize it as that which accompanies the Holy host procession on its way to the cathedral. The music is to some dying person. Presently the tinkling of a bell is heard, and everyone drops on his knees, wherever he may be or what doing. In the streets, the shops, the horse-cars, the balconies, everybody is kneeling—on the red-tressed soldiers in front of the Executive mansion, ladies on their way to church, school children, men of business, the sanctified Cholo and men of letters, all with reverent mien and uncovered heads. Around the corner comes a wonderful pageant, enveloped in clouds of incense, and followed by a military band with brass instruments. In the center, under a splendid canopy of cloth and gold, walks the Bishop, attended by black-gowned priests, acolytes in scarlet and white, white-robed monks of San Mateo and gray-cloaked Franciscan friars. These processions are matters of every day in all South American cities, but for us they possess a singular fascination, and we are willingly to kneel with the multitude, earnestly hoping that the mysterious sacrament may carry consolation and peace to the souls of the departed, at least to those who have loved its earthly tenement.

FANNIE B. WARD.

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hopeless of anything better in this world, they have trodden. Most of the llamas are laden with snow-ice from the upper Andes, which is in great demand at the saloons and restaurants. The ice is tied up in blankets, and although there is nothing between the chilly bundle and the back of the animal, but a folded blanket, we notice that the men seem more uncomfortable without the accustomed burden than with it. Indians abound this morning, if possible, in greater number and variety of costume than usual; and every one is driving a heavily laden mule or llama or carries a load on his back. There goes one staggering under a load of planks; another has four sacks on his back; another trod off with a big trunk that weighs him nearly to the ground; and there is a woman in total eclipse, so to speak, nothing but her bare feet and ankles being visible beneath the bundle of alfalfa heaped upon her head.

In strong contrast to the patient and hard-working Indians, who are imposed upon by everybody and in every way, are the *Cholos*, or half-breeds—a class nearly as numerous, but very different in appearance, and in many respects more independent; by no means a desirable class of citizens. Of course there are notable exceptions; but, as a rule, they lie, cheat, steal like magpies, and can never be depended upon to carry out a bargain. Some of the women are very handsome, with eyes, in a coarse way, but most of them are thoroughly bad. They are generally short in stature, inclined to stoutness, with bold, black eyes, perfect teeth and heavy hair. All are excessively fond of bright colors, and possess the secret of dyeing their clothes. Below it the white lace of the next skirt hangs down about an eighth of a yard. All the skirts are made short enough to show an inch or two of bare brown leg (she wears no hose) above the tops of her white kid boots. She always wears two shawls: one of coarse wool, here wintered, and the other, appearing in one only. The lower one, a delicate rose pink, is put on somehow so that the point comes directly in front, like an apron, extending nearly to the hem of her skirt; while the other shawl, a royal purple with green flowers in the border, and "green" and "blue" in the center, is draped over her shoulders, with a cluster of silver pins, hitched together by a chain. Her coarse black hair hangs down her back in two braids, tied together at the ends with two white strings. Her enormously long ear-rings, reaching almost to the shoulders, are set with imitation diamonds, and her head is jauntily perched a white straw hat of the "jauntily" shape, much too small, with a blue ribbon tied around it.

Just behind her saunters another woman of the same class, but probably twenty years older. Her hat is precisely the same in shape and color as the first, but her earrings are hoops of filigree silver, as large as the rim of a trade dollar; her outer skirt is rose color, with some wide hand embroidery in a sprawling pattern hanging down below it. Her shawls are respectively, magenta and green, and her extremely high-heeled boots are of fine white, but now much the worse for wear and tear. Cholo dresses for balls and fiestas occasions are very gay and often costly. The Zamacueca is their favorite dance and one can seldom pass a *chicha* shop without hearing the humming of guitars or mandolins within, and the clatter of heels in time to the "hi-diddle-diddle" music of that national measure.

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## THE CHICAGO MASSACRE.

## TERRIBLE SCENES OF SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

Destruction of the Fort and Butchery of Men, Women and Children—Captain Wells' Attempted Revenge.

[From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace, et la France est sauvée.—Danton.

The frenzied words of the famous French revolutionist appear to be applicable in a general sense to the indomitable spirit that settled and civilized the great West; and peculiarly so to Chicago, either in its infancy fifty years ago, or in its sturdy youth to-day, the second city of the Union.

Chau-guo was the curious and not un-musical word that won the attention of Chevalier LaSalle over two centuries ago, when he reached the reed-lined lake shore, the site of Chicago. The name is said to have come from the famous Chief Chicago, a combination of words of the Algonquin group—ko-go (something) and chi, from gitchi (great). There is considerable dispute as to the precise meaning of the combination, but deodorizing prejudice, tradition considered, it was derived from the skunk-weed, or wild onion, then plentiful growths hereabouts. Long before the coming of the pioneers, the dusky hunter of the woods, had ventured thus far south along the line of the great lakes, the Indian trails had focused toward this southwestern point of the farthest inland sea. While this point may have seemed dreary and unpromising enough to the eyes of the pioneers, the instinct of the aborigines for a great point of centralization, as circumstances have since proved, was unerring.

In the year 1668 there landed in Montreal, Canada, a young nobleman of France, Robert Rene Chevalier de LaSalle, a man of mighty and noble spirit, like the Ulysses, had burned his ships behind him. He had heard of the great river with its source in the southland of the Five Nations, flowing toward the sea, and it furnished him the incentive to move forward. A year ago, when the form of the great explorer was in the hands of the French crown, in Lincoln Park, the Hon. E. G. Mason gave the following brief but comprehensive tribute to the genius of LaSalle: "In July, 1669, he embarked on his first voyage in the west with two priests, who accompanied him to Lake Ontario. Here they parted company. During the next two years he was incessantly traversing the wilderness between the Ohio and the lakes, sometimes with Frenchmen, sometimes with Indians only, sometimes alone, with no other guide, says his faithful Lieutenant Sonty, than a compass and his own genius. It was in this way that he discovered the river Ohio, and followed it to the falls at the site of Louisville, and it is probable he discovered the Illinois river also. It is possible, moreover, that he was the first white man to visit the place where the Mississippi valley was crossed the portage between our river and the Des Moines in 1671, or two years before Joliet and Marquette were here. It was LaSalle, who, in pursuance of a settled purpose and belief, completed the exploration of the Mississippi from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico, and was the first to solve the problem of the mighty stream, which with its tributaries included the whole of the great west, established communication between the sea and that vast region, and acquired its illimitable territory for France. So far as his predecessors concerned the Mississippi valley, he was a pioneer, and his name will ever have been a wilderness to-day. LaSalle came, and with him civilization. He led the vanguard of a never-ending army, whose march he directed, whose victories he planned. He passed through the wilderness a solitary figure, yet not alone, for at his back were the myriads of progress, by his side commerce and law and government."

Louis Joliet, who is entitled to much credit as a discoverer, came to Canada in 1672, and in the fall of that year proceeded to Macinac, where he entered. Here he met Father Jacques Marquette, who had charge of the mission of St. Ignace; he was versed in the language of the Miami, and Joliet invited him to join his expedition. In June, 1673, everything being prepared, they journeyed as far as the mouth of the Ohio. Learning from the Indians the shorter route, via the Illinois river, they concluded to return that way. It is supposed they arrived in this neighborhood in August, and after a stop of a single night went on to Macinac, arriving there in September. Joliet went to Montreal, but his canoe was unfortunately overturned, and all the drawings and journals of his expedition were lost. This fact was recorded in his first brief report to the French crown on discoveries in the new West. In the fall of 1674 Father Marquette again went south in compliance with a promise to return to the Indians, and in mid-winter reached the site of this city, then ravaged by famine. The brave priest was almost worn out, and a few months later passed into the hereafter. While sick here he was visited by a French surgeon who was wintering with the Miami, and all the drawings and journals of his expedition were lost. This fact was recorded in his first brief report to the French crown on discoveries in the new West. In the fall of 1674 Father Marquette again went south in compliance with a promise to return to the Indians, and in mid-winter reached the site of this city, then ravaged by famine. The brave priest was almost worn out, and a few months later passed into the hereafter. While sick here he was visited by a French surgeon who was wintering with the Miami, and all the drawings and journals of his expedition were lost. This fact was recorded in his first brief report to the French crown on discoveries in the new West.

After the death of Marquette, Father Claude Allouez, a very able and energetic Jesuit, was appointed to the Illinois mission. The first in the spring of 1677, when he was met by an Illinois chief and eighty Indians, and was conducted by them to the mouth of the Chicago river and the Illinois village. The second he made in 1678, remaining until 1680, he again visited the site of Chicago in 1684 with DuRoi, and it is probable at this time that "the first fort" was built. LaSalle had built Fort Frontenac at Kingston, and was establishing a chain of forts from Canada to the Mississippi to protect the vast possession he had claimed. The first fort was built at Chicago, the first trading post may have been one of them. It may be remarked as an item of uncorroborated history that a Frenchman named Goris had built a trading post here and surrounded it with palisades as early as 1640. Jean Nicolet had been in 1634, had made several visits to Lake Michigan (across the Illinois), Father Rene Menard, Nicholas Perot, had passed through and on toward the Mississippi. It is quite probable that French missionaries, traders and travelers had circulated all over this section of the wild west long before any written testimony of their presence was preserved.

More than a century had passed the Miami, the Mascoutins and the Pottawatomies had fought over the ground of the Illinois. The French and British were over, Wolfe and Montcalm were dead, and the fate of the restless Pontiac had turned the fateful bell of wampum, and fallen dead in his tracks from the blow of the assassin; tradition, the curiously conflicting maps and fragmentary journals of the stalwart Stanleys of the earlier day had given away in startling confusion; but, the sand dunes about the site of the future great city had only shifted to the lazy ac-

tion of the wind and wave; the dwarf vegetation and the marshy areas of sedge had been undisturbed by the hand of the white man. Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis had been founded and attained a healthy growth; but the site of Chicago had almost been forgotten save as an Indian trading post, or as it was remarked in the archives of the missions.

The final and fatal blow which broke the power of the French in North America was given at Quebec, on the heights of Abraham, in 1759. The treaty of 1763 sounded the knell of French hopes and ambitions in Illinois, and Noyon de Villiers, the last commander, whose six brothers had been slain in the defense of Canada, with his few followers went to Louisiana to save the shattered remnant. Fort Chartres, of which the veteran St. Ange was commander, was the last place in America to display the French colors. The subsequent treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, in 1783, defined the western boundaries of the new republic "from the northwest point of the Lake of the Woods on a due west course to the Mississippi; thence northwest until 'it shall intersect the northwest point of the 31st degree of north latitude.'"

## OLD FORT DEARBORN.

Chicago's first white settler, by a strange contradiction of terms, is recorded as Jean Baptiste Point de St. Louis, a native of San Domingo, who came as a trader in 1779. There was a theory that he was ambitious to start a San Domingo colony, that appeared to have no basis. His cabin was on the north side of the main river, near where it turns south (near the west end of Kirt's soap factory) and subsequently became the property of La Mai, a French trader. By the treaty of Greenville made by Anthony Wayne (the tempest) with the Indians in 1795, the Pottawatomies and Miami and various other tribes, ceded the United States. One slice of the land was squatted that month of the Chicago river, emptying into the southwest end of Lake Michigan, where a fort formerly stood. This last clause was probably based on information given Francis Vigo or John Blen, who signed the treaty. This, at any rate, was the first recorded settlement in Chicago. Jean Kinzie, the first genuine white settler, secured Le Mai's cabin, and having enlarged and improved it, occupied it in 1803.4. Fast following came Jean Baptiste Beaudin, several other settlers, and then the soldiers, under the direction of the order of June 28, 1803, Gen. Henry Dearborn, Secretary of War during Jefferson's administration: "I have directed stockade works, aided by block-houses, to be erected at Vincennes, at Chicago, and at Kaskaskias, each calculated for a full company; the block-houses to be constructed of timber, and the stockades of logs, and of durable kind, the magazines for powder to be of brick or of a conic figure, capable of receiving from fifty to one hundred barrels of powder. You will observe the block-houses are intended to be so placed as to scour from the upper and lower stories the whole of the river. The back of the barracks are to have port holes which can be opened when necessary for the use of musketry for annoying an enemy."

In the summer of 1803, Captain John Whistler's company was ordered from Detroit to occupy the post and build the fort. Captain James S. Swearingen conducted the company overland. The United States schooner Tracy, Dorr master, was dispatched with supplies, having on board, Captain John Whistler, his wife and their son George W., then three years old. Afterward a distinguished engineer in the service of the Russian Government. Whistler, the eccentric artist, now in England, is from this family; Lieutenant William Whistler and his young wife. The schooner stopped briefly at St. Joseph's river, where the Whistlers left and came by row boat to the new home. The schooner on arriving here anchored half a mile from the shore, discharging her freight by boats. Two thousand Indians watched the proceedings, "the big canoe with wings" being a great novelty. Mrs. W. writes: "There were white men, Canadian French, with Indian wives. At that time there was 'not a team of horses or a yoke of oxen within hundreds of miles of Chicago, and the soldiers had to don the harness and drag home the timbers, for the erection of the fort. The four main timbers, which were the corner of the fort, all the timbers being pinned together with wooden pins. It stood nearly on the site of the fort erected in 1816, and finally demolished in the summer of 1856. It was somewhat different in its structure from its successor. It had two block-houses, one on the southeast corner, the other at the northwest. On the north side was a saltpore, or subterranean passage, leading from the parade ground to the river, designed as a place of escape in an emergency, or for supplying the garrison with water in time of a siege. The river was crossed by a strong palisade of wooden pickets, twelve feet high. At the west of the fort and fronting north on the river, was a two-story log building, covered with split oak siding, which was the United States factory, attached to the fort. On the shore of the river, between the fort and the main factory, were the root-houses, or cellars of the garrison. The ground adjoining the fort on the south side (several acres) was inclosed and cultivated as a garden. The fort was furnished with three pieces of light artillery. A company of United States troops, fifty in number, were stationed in the fort. The fort was unoccupied, constituted the garrison. It received the name of Fort Dearborn, by which it was ever after known as long as it continued a military post. Such was the old fort previous to 1812. The fort occupied a position on the river. The house of John Kinzie, across the river from the fort, was a long, low building, with a piazza extending along in front, a range of four or five rooms. A broad green space between it and the river was shaded by a row of Lombardy poplars. A fine, well-kept garden, and a small house of the dwelling, and surrounding it were the various buildings appertaining to the establishment. A vast range of sand hills covered with stunted cedars, willows and pine intervened between the house and the lake, no more than thirty rods distant. The house of John Kinzie, across the river from the fort, was a long, low building, with a piazza extending along in front, a range of four or five rooms. A broad green space between it and the river was shaded by a row of Lombardy poplars. A fine, well-kept garden, and a small house of the dwelling, and surrounding it were the various buildings appertaining to the establishment. A vast range of sand hills covered with stunted cedars, willows and pine intervened between the house and the lake, no more than thirty rods distant. 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**THE IMPORTANT QUESTION OF DRAINAGE.**

The City Trustees, the County Superintendents and several citizens living south of the city and upon bottom lands, on Wednesday took a trip over the line of the so-called drainage canal—a drain that does not drain the city. The result of the examination appears to have been the erection of a generally accepted opinion that the canal should be widened and deepened and dredged out to tide-water at Snodgrass slough; that the cost will exceed \$20,000, by how much no one seemed to have any clear idea. The only member of the party entertaining practical views as to the cost of drainage, roughly estimated that he could build a dredger for \$7,000 and do the work with it in two years' time.

The bottom-land residents appeared to think that the city ought to repair and dredge out the canal, and while they expressed their willingness to bear a fair share of the cost the idea was kept to the front by some of them, that in justice they should not be called upon to pay anything towards repairing the canal.

Now in these statements, there are several distinct subjects, every one of them embodying present or prospective propositions of vital importance to the people of this city. Let us consider the last one first. The bottom lands must have drainage. With levees intact, the catchment area of the district is sufficient to flood half the superficial area of the district by the rainfall and in-drain from high lands every winter, if no water came from the city. Of course the canal overflow is damaging to lowlands, and the people of this city regret it, but are not wholly to blame for it. The lowland-owners, therefore, must keep open a drain to the lowest point, which is the mean low tide mark at the upper end of Snodgrass slough. Or, they must do as do the island men, pump out the drainage. It follows then, that the bottom land people are deeply and inseparably interested in the drainage canal, and in justice are bound to pay their proportion of the cost of keeping it open, and this we believe they will do, if the matter is properly presented. But it should not be lost sight of, if the county is to aid in this work, that the assessed valuations in the city pay half the taxes or more from which such aid will be drawn. So then, the city and the low land interests are mutual, if the city needs the canal at all, and the people of the low lands ought to favor a system to enable the city to abandon the canal, or at least the greater part of it, for they will thus be freed from the annoyance of overflowing city drainage.

The proposition is made to deepen and widen the canal. Widening it will give it greater receptive power, and thus more benefit land-owners along its line than any others. Deepening it, save in the section but partly cut and near Snodgrass slough, is of no value beyond making it a reservoir, except to bring its bottom to the level of mean low tide, if at any point it is filled above that line. When, therefore, it is suggested that the city go to great expense to deepen it by dredging, it is an untenable proposition if the deepening is expected to give us any greater fall than originally the canal had.

The thing essential to be known at the outset is the natural fall of the land from the mouth of the canal at Sixth and R streets to Snodgrass slough a distance of some eighteen miles. Is that fall sufficient to give this city efficient drainage? Since it is but a very few feet, probably not more than five or six, less than half a foot to the mile, we answer our own question in the negative.

But if the canal will benefit our drainage system by being cleaned out and deepened and opened into Snodgrass slough will it take two years to do it? Certainly not. Dredgers can be secured from San Francisco Bay that will do such work in one-third that time, since there is no deep cutting to be done. For we hold that so far as the city's interest is concerned it would be folly to cut below the natural line of fall, as reservoir capacity is not what we want. Save for the filling by sludge and caving, the canal is already cut down to the line needed to give greatest possible fall, for most part, and excepting the distance just north of Snodgrass slough, which is practically unopened.

As a temporary relief the canal should

be dredged or scraped out on the line between lakes, but before any excavating is ordered at cost to this city, very serious consideration should be given to the engineering question of the greatest possible fall that can be secured between the city and the slough. That, we have no hesitation in declaring, is and always will be insufficient. The engineers have so reported a dozen times, and during twenty years of pottering with the canal we have had no other answer but this: The canal's fall is unequal to carriage of the drainage of the city.

In the late summer a possible current may be maintained, but for seven months in the year the canal is of no use to the city.

The street improvement question having been put upon its feet fairly, the next to have consideration is that of city drainage. It is even more important than street improvement, for it involves the public health. It grows in importance, because every street we improve augments the rapidity with which drainage is discharged into the sewers, and thus makes "sewer-choking" more likely and frequent.

We do not believe that our drainage will ever be made satisfactory by any natural fall available, and therefore the use of money by the city in patching up and cutting deeper the drainage canal is uneconomical. In the winter season we must pump out the city drainage, as we have been doing in an indifferent way, for some years. The question remaining therefore is that of disposal.

The most economic method is to lift the drainage, discharge it into a flume and run it into the river. The route of such a flume will not exceed a third of a mile. The lifting is perfectly feasible, and the city even in the heaviest winter can be kept dry and the street drains empty, by procuring a proper pump. There is one such in the Pearson district throwing out with but little lift 100,000 gallons a minute, or 6,000,000 an hour, or 144,000,000 gallons in a full day. There is one at the foot of Grand Island that discharges with but little lifting 40,000 gallons a minute, or 2,400,000 an hour, or 57,600,000 in a full day. If a lift of fifteen feet is required here, pumps can be put in at not heavy cost that will discharge fully half the amount first named, and that will handle all the water-fall and drainage within the catchment area of the city summer and winter.

If we should be forbidden to discharge into the river—but we do not believe we would, since river pollution would not necessarily follow—what, then, could the city do better than adopt the idea of broadening and deepening and completing the drainage canal? We reply that it would be more economic by far to lift our drainage to get sufficient fall and then conduct it in a flume so far down the line of the canal as is necessary to greatly facilitate the discharge into Snodgrass slough, to which, in that case, the canal must be completed.

We are not prepared to say what the cost of such a flume or pipe-line would be, but venture the suggestion that a mile of flume will cost less than a mile of dredging as proposed. Thin iron pipes of great diameter are now procurable in the mountains at a nominal cost, since so many mining water-pipe lines have been abandoned. These would serve us for a decade with proper care, but it is possible that fluming will cost even less than piping and prove equally as serviceable.

In any phase of the question—and it is one Sacramento cannot longer shirk and that ought to be grappled with now and disposed of—we must lift our drainage to secure proper fall. We are prepared to maintain that proposition, and entertain the belief that it is the cheapest and best means of securing good drainage. There is not an engineering expert in the land who will risk his professional reputation by asserting that we can get good drainage for this city by natural fall. Why, then, should we waste any more money in attempting the impossible? Let us resolve to put in a pump of sufficient capacity this fall. It will cost but a trifle more to operate it than it does the poor affair we now have. We will conserve the city purse, therefore, by abandoning the make-shift. The pump once put in, and the cost will not be nearly so great as is supposed by many, the question of disposal can be taken up, whether into the river, or by flume to a point below "The Pocket," and thence by the line of the canal and through it, when properly cleared out.

**A FEDERAL MUGWUMP.**

The San Francisco Wasp, owned and edited by the recently appointed Republican Postmaster of San Francisco, who at the Republican Nominating Convention in Sacramento was a strong adherent of the Hon. W. W. Morrow, has furnished the Democratic party with some campaign literature, which must afford that party considerable comfort. The Examiner eagerly avails itself of this and quotes the Wasp in full, giving the emphasis of italics to the following paragraph:

"To set aside this man (meaning Morrow) for a comparative stranger in California—a man without special claim to consideration or public recognition—was both unwise and ungrateful. It was such a course as will lead to the independent course of voters on election day, for the mass of Republican voters of California are intelligent men who know how to stand alone."

In this the Wasp attempts to furnish forth a reason for independent voting on the part of the Republicans, or in other words a reason for the Republicans to defeat their party. The candidate supported by the Wasp man was defeated by the authorized convention of his party, and his chief manager finds in his defeat a reason which will lead to the independent course of voters on election day. If Mr. Morrow had been the choice of the Convention, this disgruntled grumbler would have been among the first to declare that the supporters of other candidates were in honor bound to accept the situation and stand in with the party. If the minority in a convention is at liberty to submit the claims of its candidates, and then refuse to abide by the verdict of the tribunal to which it made such submission, then party success will in all cases be impossible. The rule of honor that minorities must acquiesce in the counsels of parties is quite as imperative as that they must acquiesce in the decrees of the ballot-box. As between Mr. Morrow, the defeated, and Mr. Markham,

the successful aspirant, no man can point out a distinction of merit worthy of consideration. But if the party success is to be jeopardized by the friends of disappointed candidates, and those friends in the enjoyment of high official patronage, accepted at the hands of the Republican party, then party rewards have been grossly misplaced. It was the boast of the California delegation shortly after the election of Harrison, that selections for public office were to be made from the ranks of those who were stalwart Republicans, and who, while accepting lucrative positions at the hands of the party, would not manifest the ingratitude of inactivity in the contest for party supremacy. The future course of the newly-appointed Republican Postmaster of the chief metropolis of this State will go far to determine whether party or personal reasons exerted the largest influence in the bestowal of official favors.

**OF THE ELECTRIC CARS AGAIN.**

The question of admitting the overhead wire electrical system of propelling street cars to this city still hangs fire. The RECORD-UNION has freely expressed itself in favor of the grant being made. In so doing it reflected the sentiment of the people of the city. The subject will come before the Trustees again on Monday. If at that time there is still hesitation the city will probably lose the opportunity that now presents of securing the new method of propulsion.

If there is a doubt concerning the practical working of these systems of propulsion—there being several patents—then the experience of other cities should be received as conclusive. The Boston Daily Advertiser recently sent out a letter of inquiry to the Mayor of every city of considerable importance where the system has been introduced, and in its issue of August 14th it publishes many of the responses, both for and against the system, and as fast as space permits will give them all.

The Advertiser asked the Mayors concerning the overhead-wire system. It called for information whether the system has improved the street car service; whether it has resulted in the death of any one; if the people feel apprehension of danger from it; whether the system has the friendship or antagonism of the people, and finally, facts concerning the general success or the failure of the system.

The responses are unanimous—with one exception only—in indorsement of the electrical system of propulsion; that the people are all friendly to it, that it results in no unusual number of accidents, not more than with most other motive powers, and that it has greatly improved the car service. The responses published from Mayors of towns may be thus classified: Minneapolis, Utica, Macon, Akron, Wilmington, Atlantic City, Stillwater, Lynn, Toledo, Knoxville, Scanton, Troy, Asbury Park, Rochester, Richmond, Ind., Albany, Augusta, Ga., Wichita, Kans., St. Louis, Louisville and St. Catharines, Quebec, send responses that the overhead system is a success; that no accidents have occurred, and no deaths by electric shock have taken place. The people are pleased with the system; the service is much improved, outside property is enhanced in value, speed is gained, and the people are demanding extensions of the lines.

The Mayors of Albany, of St. Louis, and of Richmond, Ind., dwell upon the greatly increased patronage given the lines since the substitution of electricity for horses. The response from Nashville is that every horse car in the city has changed to electricity; that Nashville has the largest electrical railway system in the United States except that of Boston, and that the roads are being extended in all directions. Three horses have been killed by rusted telephone wires falling across the railway trolley wires and conveying the current to the ground; that in one instance a negro woman seized hold of such a fallen telephone wire and was prostrated momentarily, but not injured, and soon arose and walked off.

The response from Cleveland, Ohio, is that the system is satisfactory. Life has been lost, but in no case has it been shown to be due to the current, and most of the accidents are due to carelessness in getting off or on the cars while in motion. Some horses have been killed, but doubt exists whether by the current or by "cross" with electric light wires. The chief suggestion from Cleveland is, that rails should be provided to prevent passengers getting off the cars on the inside of lines, as they are apt to be crushed by passing cars; and this is true of all double track street cars no matter what the motor used.

The Richmond, Va., report is that some people have been hurt by being run into by the street cars. A few horses have been killed by falling wires. The Mayor says the people consider the system better than any other they have had, and he indorses the system as a success, but advises watchfulness to prevent wires falling.

The Newport, R. I., report is that accidents have happened at that watering-place by reason of telephone wires falling across the railway wires, but no one has been killed. There is hostility to the electric railway by the people, but it is due to the wealthy summer residents, who wish privacy and do not care to have wires and cars invade their seclusion.

The St. Catharines report is that they have eight miles of electric road; that in three years' time the road has carried more than 1,000,000 people between Montreal, Thorold and St. Catharines, but there has not been a single accident among that large number of passengers. Horses become scared at first on seeing a car moving without horses drawing it, but soon become accustomed to the system. A similar report is made from Syracuse, N. Y., where the system has been in active operation two years, and is a complete success.

The Springfield, Mass., report is very enthusiastic, and Mayor Bradford says there is nothing but favorable comment upon the road; that it is a model line, the best among all electric roads, and that it has had fine effect in bringing suburban residence into favor.

These reports make it easy to understand that the electric roads are successful; that they have no greater number of accidents than cable lines; that, in short, electric surface transit is better far than horse surface transit; that while it does require greater care in operation, and calls

for an outlook keener than is kept on horse cars, nevertheless it is infinitely superior; and that while it would be a good thing, indeed, to have street cars move without either horses or trolley wires, storage battery systems are not yet so successful as to warrant their substitution for the overhead wire. Nor do we believe that the storage battery will be much introduced for very many years to come, and the doubt is entertained by some of the foremost electrical experts of the age whether there ever will be economic electrical storage.

In view of all the facts, and there have been no concealments made, we submit that the Trustees should grant the request of the Central Railway Company to be permitted to substitute the overhead wire for horses.

**THE SEAL FISHERIES.**

The Queen's speech, the fallen countenance of the returned Canadian agent and the dead silence on the Behring Sea question by our own Government justifies belief that the British proposition to arbitrate the seal and closed-sea questions has reached Washington. If so, it remains to be seen if the Government will accept the basis for arbitration some time ago suggested by England and rejected by the United States in advance of its formal presentation.

If Mr. Blaine abandons the question of marine ownership there will be very little left to arbitrate. Yet, if he adheres to it, it is difficult to understand how there can be any arbitration at all. There is no question but that the poachers are improving the sunshine and taking seals with greater industry than ever before, and our ships are not heard from as interfering with them, except the news that the Rush is warning the poachers. It is said that early in the season the Canadian sealers began to shoot seals in the open sea, the most destructive method of sealing known because it is indiscriminating. It is added that the poachers up to a month ago had taken between 20,000 and 30,000 skins.

The question is, therefore, becoming general: "What are we going to do about it?" Are the poachers to go on with their unlawful work and enjoy immunity from interruption? Is the sealing forbidden by Act of Congress to continue it arbitration is consented to? Lord Salisbury very distinctly informed the State Department that "the Home Government has not the power to order the sealers to desist pending diplomatic negotiations." All he could do was to "request" them to withdraw. Of course to such requests they would pay no sort of attention. It would seem that our Government cannot consent to arbitration or to further negotiation for it without insistence upon the withdrawal of the sealers—or without making seizures. But the sealing season is now nearly at an end. In less than a month the schooners must leave the sea in obedience to nature's command. But when they retire, they will do so with the largest catch of seals ever taken out of Behring Sea. The whole number taken last year did not aggregate so many as the poachers killed early in the present season.

If we are to insist upon our marine ownership, the English, it would seem, must account for this unlawful taking, and if arbitration is agreed to, these catches must be taken into account. Whatever else is done in this Behring Sea entanglement, the reckless taking of seals must be stopped, or these valuable fur-bearers will presently be exterminated. To shoot them in open sea is to lose five by sinking where one is secured. The rookeries will be disturbed also, and broken up, and the seal will abandon the sea, such few as are spared seeking new breeding places, and eventually dying off, and thus the fisheries will come to an end. If diplomatic negotiation is to work such results, neither Government will have reason to be proud of it.

**CENSUS COMPLICATIONS.**

The New York Tribune takes the census enumerators to task for finding the population of the United States to have increased but 30 per cent. since 1880, in the face of the fact that immigration was greater in the last ten years than during the preceding twenty years.

Again, the source of increase that arises from the excess of births over deaths is considered, and the Tribune rightly judges that, in view of improved sanitary and medical science, of the absence of any devastating pestilence and of the larger proportion of colored and foreign-born population, which is well known to be prolific, the rate of increase should have advanced. "Instead of this, Mr. Porter's figures indicate that the rate of excess of births over deaths has diminished no less than 25 per cent.," declares the Tribune.

It is possible that the census of 1880 may not have been accurate in its statistics of births. But we incline to the belief that General Walker is more skilled as a statistician than is Mr. Porter, and that the census returns of 1880 were the most accurate of any ever made. Certainly the facilities General Walker enjoyed for making exhaustive returns were of the most superior character. But assuming Mr. Porter's birth statistics to be correct, and we have no reason to doubt them, we are left but one avenue of escape from the Tribune's complaint, and that is, that in the decade child-bearing has been amazingly repressed; that the rushing of women into business, their diversion from domesticity, their drifting away from the home life into channels of business life and commercial employment has resulted in repression of the maternal instinct.

We should be gratified to know with certainty that Superintendent Porter's statistics are erroneous, and that his estimate of the reported excess of births over deaths is due to the blundering of his enumerators. With that assurance we should think better of humanity. But as the figures stand, and with a multitude of other evidences at command that child-bearing by American women is alarmingly discouraged, to put it very mildly, and that this evil is the direct result of the removal of so many women from homewifery to the undomestic atmosphere of the shop, store and office, we are prone to believe that General Walker did report the birth rate substantially correct in 1880, and that Superintendent Porter has reported the birth rate in 1890 with equal accuracy.

**NEW TO-DAY.**

Advertisements of Moving Notices, Wants, Lost Found, For Sale, To Let and similar notices under this head are inserted for 5 cents per line the first time and 3 cents per line each subsequent time. All notices of this character will be found under this heading.

**Madame Zenobia**, the wonderful fortune teller, has opened parlors at 511 J street. Prices 50 cents and \$1.  
**Industrial Lodge**, No. 157, I. O. O. F. Brother CHAS. STIRLING, of Presidio Lodge, will deliver a lecture on India before this Lodge on SATURDAY EVENING, August 30th, at 8 o'clock. All members of the Order and their ladies are invited to be present.  
O. F. BABCOCK, N. G.  
J. L. ROBINETTE, Secretary. au29-2med+

**Sacramento Lodge**, No. 2, I. O. O. F. Regular meeting THIS EVENING at 8 o'clock for initiatory work. A full attendance of members desired.  
F. M. JACKSON, Secretary. au29-10+

**WANTED—SITUATION BY A BOOK-KEEPER**, willing to make himself generally useful. Address A. D. JENNY, care W. H. Sherburn, 323 K street. au29-10+

**WANTED—A GIRL TO DO HOUSEWORK** and cook in a private family. Apply at 923 G street. au29-10+

**WANTED—A RELIABLE WOMAN WISHES** a situation as cook or housekeeper; city or country. Inquire at EMPIRE HOUSE, between Front and Second on N. au29-40+

**TO LET—A NEW HOUSE OF SIX ROOMS**, all modern improvements. 612 Eighteenth street. au29-41+

**TO LET—A THOUSAND ACRES OF GOOD** farming land. Apply to H. FISHER & CO., 508 and 510 J street. au29-71+

**FOR SALE—A NO. 1 FRESH MILK COW**. E. Apply at 1108 F street. au29-71+

**FOR SALE—HORSE, 6 YEARS OLD**, and top. Apply to H. FISHER & CO., 508 and 510 J street. au29-71+

**FOR SALE—A SALOON DOING A GOOD** business; will be sold cheap, as owner wishes to retire from business. For further particulars inquire of HENRY KOHNE, 1021 Fourth street. au29-10+

**FOR SALE—A HOUSE AND LOT ON S. T.**, between Fifth and Sixth; lot is 40x150; the house is a two-story brick. Apply to HENRY KOHNE, 1021 Fourth street. au29-10+

**FARM FOR SALE—335 ACRES OF LAND AT** Rottier Station, on the railroad from Sacramento to Placerville and 11 miles from Sacramento; all under cultivation, with a small orchard and vineyard now in full bearing; all enclosed with a good fence and has necessary buildings for farming purposes; price, \$60 per acre. For particulars call on the premises or address the undersigned at Rottier Station. PETER OLSEN. au29-10+

**WANTED—LOST—FOUND.**

**WANTED—EXPERIENCED SALESWOMEN** for Fancy Goods Department. WEIN STOCK, LUBIN & CO. au29-31+

**WANTED—A GIRL FOR GENERAL** housework. Apply at 1106 G street. au29-21+

**WANTED—A SALESMAN FOR THE COUN-** try, team furnished. Apply to A. C. BROWN, 733 J street. au29-71+

**WANTED—A MAN TO FILL A SPECIAL** position as traveling salesman for this and adjoining counties. Apply to A. C. BROWN, 733 J street. au29-71+

**WANTED—MIDDLE AGED WOMAN WITH** executive ability to take charge of marketing room. Apply to CHAS. E. PHIPPS, Superintendent Western Stock, Fourth & K. au29-71+

**WANTED—ABOUT 500 HEAD OF STOCK** to pasture; plenty of green feed, water and good shade. Inquire at WILLIS & RAY'S drug store, J. between Second and Third sts. au29-71+

**LOST—ON FOURTH STREET, A LADY'S** pocket book with coin and ring in. Finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving at this office. au29-21+

**WANTED—MALE AND FEMALE CANVASS-** ers, can make from \$75 to \$150 per month. Call at or address 1106 Sixth street (Burnerian Institute), Sacramento, bet. 3 and 4 p. m. au29-71+

**WANTED—TWO STRONG BOYS AT THE** UNION GARDENS, Twentieth and O streets, to set up ten-pins; will pay 20 cents an hour. au29-41+

**PARTIES WANTING MONEY ON THEIR** city and country property address P. O. BOX 98, Sacramento. Plenty of money. au29-10+

**WANTED—MEN FOR FARMS, VINEYARDS,** dairies and stock raising. Men, women and girls for cooking and general housework. Plenty of work for desirable help. Apply at EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, Fourth & K. au29-71+

**\$75 TO \$250 A MONTH CAN BE MADE** working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Large moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1092 Main St., Richmond, Va. au29-10+

**FOR SALE—TO LET—ETC.**

**TO LET—TWO NEW HOUSES, CORNER OF** Twenty-fifth and L streets. Inquire of M. A. BURKE, No. 129 F street. au29-71+

**TO LET—A LARGE HOUSE, CONTAINING** all modern improvements; good location; large stable. Inquire at 1118 F street. au29-11+

**HOUSE FOR RENT—CONTAINING FIVE** rooms, hard finished, and all in fine condition. Inquire at 1211 Fourth street, down stairs. au29-11+

**1499 TENTH STREET—ONE NEWLY FUR-** nished, sunny front room, suitable for one or two gentlemen, with board, if desired. au29-31+

**FOR SALE—CHEAP, IN AS GOOD LOCALITY** as is in the city, a corner grocery, with goods and good will. Apply at this office. au29-41+

**TO RENT—NICELY-FURNISHED ROOMS,** single or in suit. Apply 518 N street. au29-71+

**FOR SALE—TWO MILK COWS; ONE SEVEN-** months and the other fifteen-months. Jersey. Call at 1208 F street. au29-71+

**FOR SALE—A LODGING-HOUSE, CONTAIN-** ing twelve rooms well furnished; centrally located. Inquire at this office. au29-11+

**FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE FOR CITY OR** country property, a hotel, all furnished and in running order, including barroom. For further particulars inquire of L. M. SMITH, Cal. au29-14+

**FOR SALE—ACRE LOTS, WITH OR WITH-** out improvements; situated from two to three miles from Sacramento; would exchange for city property. Apply to STROBEL, 317 J street. au29-11+

**TO LET—SECOND FLOOR POSTOFFICE** building, sunny front room, suitable for one or two gentlemen, with board, if desired. au29-31+

**FOR SALE—CHEAP ON ACCOUNT OF POOR** health, bakery and restaurant; cooking all home style and doing a nice business. Address 1861, this office. au29-11+

**FOR SALE—ONE OF THE FINEST AND** largest saloons in the city; extra family entrance, best location; stock and lease. Inquire at this office. au29-11+

**TO RENT—A FLAT OF SIX ROOMS, ALL** modern improvements, at No. 1257 H street. Inquire of H. SCHMIDT, 323 K street. au29-11+

**TO LET—SMALL TENEMENTS AND ALSO** unfurnished rooms, cheap; suitable for housekeeping. Apply to D. GARDNER, at wood-yard, Fourth and I streets. au29-11+

**FURNISHED ROOMS AT CENTRAL HOUSE** from \$5 per month upwards; also family rooms at low prices. BORNLEIN BROS., Proprietors. au29-17+

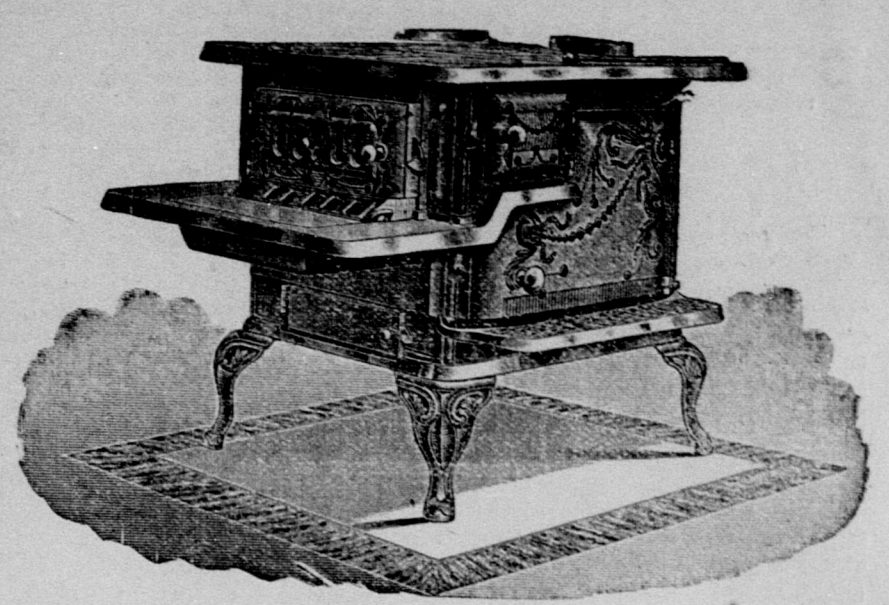
**GENERAL NOTICES.**

**Painless Extraction of Teeth by use of** local anesthetic. DR. WELDON, Dentist, Eighth and J streets. au29-11+

**Unless the breath is like a spicy gale,** Unless the teeth gleam like the driven snow, There is no dazzling smile or tender tale. Grateful to woman's eye or ear, we know The tale would tell of such a smile be sought, Till brought within the spell of 80202020.

**L. L. LEWIS & CO.**

**\$10—FOR A NO 7. BUCK STOVE—\$10**



**\$10! HURRAH! A NO. 7 BUCK CLIPPER STOVE FOR A beautiful printed DINNER SET of 100 pieces at the low price of \$10, and a lovely colored TEA SET of 44 pieces at \$3.50. This is not all. A NICE PARLOR STOVE, with fancy sliding top and open front, and only \$5.50. To those about to be married, to those who are married, and last, to those who ought to be married, we extend a pressing invitation to call on us before purchasing elsewhere, as we keep a fine stock of KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, SILVER-PLATED WARE, TIN and JAPANNED WARE; in fact, anything that may be needed to go housekeeping. Send for our Illustrated Price List.**

**L. L. LEWIS & CO. 502 and 504 J street**  
And 1009 Fifth street, Sacramento.  
Open This Evening Until 10 O'Clock.

**CLOSING DAY**

—OF OUR—  
**Great Summer Clearance Sale!**

NOTHING ON OUR PART, IN THE WAY OF MAKING LOW PRICES, SHALL PREVENT THIS DAY FROM BEING THE GREATEST OF OUR SALE.  
FIRST TO-DAY WE WILL GIVE THE RAREST MONEY'S WORTH THAT EVER FIGURED IN A REMNANT SALE!

Everything that has held back in anyway; the lonely patterns; odd pieces and styles that we will not keep again; short lengths of all kinds of goods. See them TO-DAY! Secure them! You will not have another opportunity in 1890 to buy at such little prices.

**CORSETS—On Sale TO-DAY:** An Eastern Drummer's Corset samples. \$4. No two alike. French Woven, Sateen, Jean, etc. Colors: black, ecru, drab and white. Prices range from 35 cents to \$1.75. Every one perfect; every one worth at least twice the price.

**PARASOLS MUST GO!—A \$2** Cardinal Satin, natural-wood handles, TO-DAY, \$1.

**DRESS GOODS.**—Thirty party bolts. French Brocades and Heavy Bantings, all regular 25-cent goods; to-day, 10 cents a yard. Another pile, 12 1/2 and 16 1/2-cent qualities; your choice to-day at 5 cents a yard, etc., etc.

**DON'T MISS** the special line of SHOES we are closing out to-day. Tempting prices. You'll think so.

**BUY TO-DAY.**

Boys' Knee-pants Suits, gray moleskin, \$1.35. One lot Boys' Knee-pants Suits, checked, good weight; closing price, \$1.75 per suit.

Gray Checked Cassimere Boys' Knee-pants Suits, \$2. Brown Mixed Cheviot Boys' Knee-pants Suits, \$2. A lot of Men's Suits, broken sizes, \$3.50 to \$12. See these. If you find your size you more than double your money.

**LAST DAY OF SUMMER SALE.**

Men's White Merino Shirts and Drawers, finished goods; to-day, 50 cents; last week, 75 cents. Men's Nightshirts, embroidered, 55 and 69 cents. Monday you'll pay a third more.

Special for to-day—three lines of Men's Flannellette Overshirts, 40, 50 and 75 cents. Save a quarter when you can.

A special cut on all MILL



## IN THE WHIRLPOOL.

## THE PROHIBITIONISTS PUT FORTH A COUNTY TICKET.

And Will Plunge Into the Political Vortex and Take Their Chances With the Others.

The prohibitionists of the county held a mass convention at Pythian Hall last night to nominate candidates for county and also certain city offices. Frank H. Wing, Chairman of the County Committee, called the convention to order and stated its objects.

Secretary C. H. Dunn read the call for the convention.

O. T. Brook was unanimously chosen for Chairman. He made a brief address on assuming the chair, saying that it was immaterial to the prohibitionists whether or not they elected their ticket, but they would have the satisfaction of voting for temperate and sober men. The country is full of sober men, he said. The number of drunkards is really very small, in comparison with temperate men. The prohibitionists are not all Republicans, as the latter claim. He (the speaker) was first a Whig, and then a Democrat, and had been an active one for years up to the time he became a prohibitionist. It was the duty of the government to protect its citizens, but it did not do so, and thousands went down every year to drunkards' graves.

C. H. Dunn nominated Rev. W. C. Scott of E. K. Grove as Secretary, and he was unanimously elected.

Mr. Dunn moved that the test put forth by the State Committee be adopted. Carried.

The test requires that the signer shall support the Prohibition party and work for its principles.

## COMMITTEES AND REPORTS.

A committee of three was appointed on credentials, consisting of Messrs. Hillhouse, J. R. McConnell and Wm. McNear.

A committee of two on permanent organization was appointed, consisting of E. M. Leitch and J. D. Robinson.

A committee of three on platform was appointed, consisting of Messrs. C. H. Dunn, J. T. Gromer and J. M. Haight.

A committee on Nominations and Order of Business was appointed, consisting of F. M. Clayton, J. O. March and P. H. Latourette.

All present who subscribed to the test were entitled to participate in the business of the convention.

The committee retired to prepare their reports, and while they were absent addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Scott and Rev. A. T. Needham.

The committee on Credentials reported the names of fifty-two persons, including ladies, who had subscribed to the test and were entitled to seats in the convention. The report was adopted.

C. H. Dunn then read the following report of the committee on Platform, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the prohibition party of Sacramento, in convention assembled, reaffirm the platform of the National Prohibition party, adopted at Indianapolis in May, 1888, and the platform of the Prohibition party of the State of California, adopted in San Francisco in April, 1889.

Resolved, That the passage of a law by Congress recently to prevent the sale in original packages of intoxicating liquors in States having prohibition laws, is but an additional proof of the fact that prohibition is a national issue.

Resolved, That we are in favor of the prohibition of the manufacture, sale, importation and transportation of intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal and scientific purposes.

Resolved, That we pledge our candidates for the legislature, if elected, to oppose the enactment of any uniform license law.

Resolved, That we condemn the cowardice of the late Republican State Convention for its silence upon the question of a uniform license law, and condemn the Democratic State Convention for its subservience to the liquor power, in declaring for such a uniform license law.

Mr. Dunn, after reading the platform, discussed it at some length, explaining the reason for some of its planks, addressing himself more particularly to the uniform license question.

THE CANDIDATES.

Dr. Clayton, from the committee on Nominations, submitted a report, leaving some of the positions unfilled. These were reported back to the convention.

C. H. Dunn moved that the persons whose names were reported be declared the nominees of the convention. Carried.

The nominees were as follows, the positions not filled being referred to the Central Committee:

Assemblymen, Eighteenth District—W. W. Bingham; Nineteenth District—William Hart; Twentieth District—Rev. W. C. Scott.

Sheriff—C. D. Brook.

Clerk—Grant McKinnin.

Auditor and Recorder—H. M. Landis.

Assessor—A. A. Krull.

Treasurer—Philip Driver.

Coroner—J. T. Gromer.

Public Administrator—C. A. Lovel.

Superintendent of Schools—Mrs. Judge Mayhew.

Surveyor—W. Hugo.

Supervisor First District—(Not named).

Supervisor Fifth District—J. M. Overmyer.

Police Judge—(Not named).

City Justice of the Peace—(Not named).

Township Justice—J. O. March.

Constables—C. T. Harwood. (The other not named).

SINCE OF WAR.

Mr. Dunn explained to the convention the necessity for raising money to defray the expenses of the campaign. He said that about \$200 would be required, and on his motion subscriptions were taken up among members of the convention. A little over \$100 was collected.

The convention then adjourned with three cheers for the Prohibition party, its candidates and its principles.

REVAL STREET SPRINKLERS.

John Wall and M. F. Brady have a fight on the street.

Yesterday afternoon John Wall and M. F. Brady had an affray on Second street, which might have ended seriously had not special officers Goddard and both for disturbing the peace. Each then had the other arrested for assault.

Wall, it appears, is a regular street-sprinkling contractor, and Brady runs a water-cart on his own hook. He has been in the habit of following up Wall and others and wetting down the streets where—according to his statement—the others neglect them.

Wall then declares that Brady sprinkles when there has been no neglect of duty on the part of himself, and that he hopes to get paid out of the money due him (Wall).

However, they came together on Second street yesterday. Wall told Brady what he thought of him, and Brady responded by smashing Wall in the face with his fist. Wall then gathered up a cobbstone, and let it drive at Brady, which Goods said the latter dodged, but Brady says it hit him on the back.

Brady claims to be working under instructions from Street Commissioner McLaughlin.

THE HAGGIN STABLE.

Its Success Enthusias the Rancho del Paso Attaches.

The employees on the Rancho del Paso are the happiest lot of men and boys in the country, and all because of the stable's great success in the East, especially Salvo's grand achievement of Thursday, when he made a mile in 1:55, and cast all previous records in the shade.

Then, again, the telegraph brought them the story that on the same day Salvo's Montana beat Russell and other cracks. Montana is one of the five colts that Haggin's Ban Fox left to honor his name when he met with the accident last year that cut short his grand career, and is out of imported Queen. The Haggin stable and

rancho employees therefore feel an interest in Montana's success.

A private telegram received from Montana yesterday stated that jockey Murphy had been suspended from the Sheepshead Bay and Brooklyn meetings, for insobriety.

## NOT JUST YET.

Mrs. Rutherford Will Have to Wait for Her Alimony.

Isaac Joseph, attorney for Louise Rutherford in her suit for divorce from James Rutherford, was before Superior Judge Van Fleet to request that counsel fees, Court costs and alimony for his client be levied at the present time upon the defendant.

Grove L. Johnson, attorney for Rutherford, interposed a strong objection. He claimed that it was unusual to make such an order before any testimony had been offered in the case, particularly when the case was being contested. He then read the papers filed by both parties to the suit. Mrs. Rutherford in her complaint admits that they have been married only since May last, but she goes on to charge her husband with extreme cruelty, that he has been in the habit of smashing all the dishes in the house, calling her names and finally of driving her out of the house. The husband's answer to the complaint shows a different picture of the case. He denies all the allegations of his wife, but says she willfully deserted him when they were but two months married. He says he earns only \$40 a month as a machinist and is unable to pay alimony.

Judge Van Fleet said the request of Mrs. Rutherford and her attorney was a little premature, and he denied the motion.

## A GOOD SIGN.

This City to be Provided With Another Banking Institution.

When the California State Bank finally removes from its present quarters to its new building, where it will probably be located by Monday next, another banking firm will occupy the old bank. It will be known as the Merchants' and Farmers' Bank and Trust Company, and among its stockholders will be E. U. Steinman, C. H. Cummings, James Stephenson, C. H. Watt, E. K. Alsip, J. L. Huntton, S. Wasserman, and others.

The new institution will commence business with a capital stock of half a million dollars, and the company is already organized and ready to commence business. Its promoters are all well-known and wealthy men, who have long been identified with the interests of this city and county.

## Bell's Great Sale To-day.

There will be a large sale of furniture of all kinds at Bell & Co.'s auction rooms at 1009 and 1011 J street this morning at 10 o'clock. At this sale several houses and vehicles will also be sold.

The same firm will sell at 2 o'clock p. m. a lot of new and elegant furniture—parlor sets, bedrooms, and a large number of secretaries, divans, etc., of the latest designs; also three elegant pianos, in the best of order—one grand square piano, one Mathushek upright and one Bahr Bros. upright, all in the best of condition and as good as new.

The goods to be offered at the afternoon sale are all perfectly new and direct from the manufacturer. They include the latest designs in parlor chairs, rockers, etc., and the upholstery work is of the finest description. There is one "canary" parlor set that is the delight of every lady that has seen it.

To-morrow's Concert.

There will be an open-air concert at the Plaza to-morrow evening, commencing at 7 o'clock, when a choice programme will be given by the First Artillery Band, C. A. Neale, conductor. The selections are:

March, "Concentration".....Reeves  
Operatic Gavotte, "La Vierge".....Anber  
Waltz, "Opéra aux Eaux".....Offenbach  
Waltz, "Mon Reve".....Waldteufel  
Overture, "Post and Passport".....Suppe  
Schottische, "I Love You".....Suppe  
Introduction and Bridal Chorus from "The Maid of the Mill".....Wagner  
The "Dude's March".....Wagner  
March, "Sally in Our Alley".....Wagner  
Grand Selection, Introduction, Waltz and Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust".....Gounod  
The "Star-Spangled Banner".....

Recruiting the Chalmers.

Fourteen out of the sixteen men found sleeping in box cars the other night were found guilty of vagrancy in the Police Court yesterday and sentenced to thirty days imprisonment each in the County Jail. John McLaughlin and John Hussey, the nominees, were ordered to appear to-day for sentence.

There has been a scarcity of chalmers help for some time past, and Captain Dole began to despair of securing a sufficient force to whitewash the trees and fountains at Agricultural Park in time for the fair. The long-felt want is, however, at last supplied.

To be Tried on Its Merits.

An order was made yesterday by Superior Judge Van Fleet in the celebrated case of Thomas L. Acock against Mrs. Halsey, granting the motion of defendant's counsel, A. L. Hart, to set aside the order of dismissal heretofore entered by County Clerk Hamilton. Defendant also asked for a judgment on the pleadings, which the Court denied. The case will now be regularly heard on its merits.

Ungrateful Fellow.

Samuel McDaniels pleaded guilty to petit larceny in the Police Court yesterday, and was ordered to appear for sentence to-day. McDaniels was given work at sawing a pile of wood, and when the proprietor left the employe gathered up a couple of saws and a hammer and stole them at a junk store. The officers had no difficulty, however, in locating and arresting him.

A Lack of Evidence.

Walter Davis, the young man accused of setting fire to Carbine's barn last Saturday night, was examined and discharged in the Police Court yesterday. W. A. Gett represented the defendant. The testimony on the part of the prosecution was not considered strong enough by the Court to hold the defendant.

Signal Service Exhibit.

Sergeant Barwick goes to the Bay this morning to consult with Lieutenant J. P. Finley regarding the display of Signal Service instruments during the State Fair, and will return to-night. During his absence to-day the weather will be in the hands of Mr. Kendall, of the Western Union Telegraph office.

"Handsome Charley" Pardoned.

Charles Wilson, better known as "Handsome Charley," the hack driver who killed his mistress in San Francisco about four years ago, was sentenced to seventeen years' imprisonment in the State Prison has been pardoned by the Governor. He was released from San Quentin yesterday.

Mercy for Nelson.

William Nelson, charged with grand larceny, was released from custody yesterday by Superior Judge Van Fleet, on motion of the District Attorney, Nelson, while intoxicated, took a set of harness from a neighbor's stable recently thinking that it belonged to his brother-in-law, and sold it.

Colonel Bain's Lecture.

The lecture to be delivered by Colonel Bain at the Ninth-street Baptist Church to-morrow evening on "Our Country, Our Home and Our Duty," promises to be an oratorical and intellectual treat. He is known as an eloquent speaker.

"Old Horse" Sale.

The sale of unclaimed baggage from the Western Hotel will take place at Sherburn's auction house, at 323 K street, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Don't be deceived by unscrupulous agents, but use your better judgment. Buy the best, the Domestic Sewing Machine. A. J. Pommer, corner Ninth and J.

## DOWN WENT THE SENATORS.

## THEY PUT UP A RAGGED GAME AT SNOWFLAKE PARK.

Oakland Defeats Stockton in a Well-Contested Game on the Oakland Grounds.

Judging from their recent playing and defeats, it has come Sacramento's turn to take a tumble down the championship ladder, and a few more such exhibitions of baseball playing as they put up yesterday will land them out of the first place in the league race. It is seldom that a club making twelve errors wins a game, and this is why Sacramento lost yesterday.

The grand stand was dotted here and there yesterday with people who had come out to see the contest between the Senators and the San Francisco. There were about fifteen ladies and one hundred men present, and the cheering from the little band sounded powerfully weak, and the several bursts of applause were of short duration. The managers are very much disappointed at the result of the game, and, in fact, which they are unable to account for, and at least two of the Sunday games which are scheduled for this city, will be played in San Francisco. Two of the Stockton games will also be transferred to the bay. For five innings yesterday the contest was rather exciting and though the home team had made a number of errors they were on one run behind their opponents. In the sixth and seventh innings, however, the Senators gave an example of how baseball should not be played and allowed the bay nine to score seven runs.

The club appeared as though it had gone completely to pieces. Flies were muffed, overthrows were made, and to say that the team was "ragged" would be putting it but moderately. Sacramento made one more run in the eighth inning, and won by a score of 12 to 3, and an inning to spare.

Hoffman pitched, but it was not his fault that Sacramento lost. He could not be expected to win with such support as was given him. Hoffman's wild throw, however, in the sixth inning was a most costly error.

McHale caught fairly well, but dropped a thrown ball when there was a sure chance of a put-out at the home plate.

Goder was "off" at the third cushion and surprised the crowd by not being able to stick to it, and out of four chances he succeeded in getting one assist only.

Daly muffed two flies, but made a remarkable stop at a liner in the fifth inning. Levy hit the ball on a line towards second base and Daly almost dumfounded the audience by stopping the hit with his left hand and then throwing the runner out at first base. The play was the feature of the game.

Goodenough and Bowman both made errors. In connection with one of Goodenough's errors, Stanley used bad judgment in calling out the player who should catch the ball. A fly was knocked high into the air, and despite the fact that Daly was within striking distance of where the ball would descend, Stanley called for Goodenough to take it, who was more than a 100 feet away. After a long run the ball-footed center fielder did get his hands on the ball, but it bounced out. It was certainly Daly's chance. At another time a fly ball was knocked into the air and Godar would have had to run but a couple of feet to have gotten under it. Daly didn't think about catching the ball, but Stapleton called for him, and when it was too late he made the attempt, and muffed the ball. There was plenty of time for Daly to have caught the ball, but he failed to obey orders promptly, believing that Godar would catch the ball anyway.

Roberts, Stapleton and Reitz were the only players in the team to put up a good game. Stapleton's stop of a thrown ball in the latter part of the contest was quite a clever catch.

Levy hit exactly two errors the San Francisco received. He did not properly field two balls hit along the ground in his territory. The rest of the nine played glibly, and the work of Spear, Everitt, Everett and Shea was conspicuous for its neatness.

Lookabaugh pitched a good game, allowing but six hits. Following is the score:

SACRAMENTO. T. B. R. H. E. S. P. O. A. E.  
Goodenough, c. 3 1 0 1 0 1 5 2  
Daly, s. 3 1 0 1 0 1 5 2  
Goder, 3d b. 4 0 1 0 3 0 3 0  
Bowman, r. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Stapleton, 1st b. 3 0 1 0 9 1 0 1  
Roberts, f. 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Reitz, 2d b. 2 0 0 0 2 3 1 0  
McHale, c. 4 0 2 0 5 2 2 0  
Hoffman, p. 4 0 2 0 5 2 2 0  
Totals.....31 3 6 2 24 15 12

SAN FRANCISCO. T. B. R. H. E. S. P. O. A. E.  
Shea, 2d b. 5 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Hanley, c. 5 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Veach, 1st b. 4 0 0 0 1 0 0 0  
Stevens, r. 4 0 1 0 1 0 0 0  
Everitt, 3d b. 5 2 2 0 2 4 0 0  
Levy, f. 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Everett, s. 3 0 0 0 1 4 0 0  
Spear, c. 4 3 2 0 1 4 0 0  
Lookabaugh, p. 4 0 2 0 1 0 0 0  
Totals.....38 12 10 7 37 13 13

Runs by innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
Sacramento.....1 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0—12  
San Francisco.....0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0—3

Earned runs—Sacramento, 1; San Francisco, 3. Home runs—Goodenough and Everitt. Two-base hits—Everitt, Sacrifice hits—Daly, Godar, Bowman, Shea (2), Lookabaugh. First base on errors—Sacramento, 6; San Francisco, 7.

Struck out—By Hoffman, 4; Lookabaugh, 7. First base on hit by pitcher—Veach. Double plays—Hoffman, Meyer and Stapleton; Everett, Shea and Veach. Passed balls—McHale, 2; Spear, 0. Wild pitches—Hoffman, 0; Lookabaugh, 0. Umpire—Donohue. Official scorer—Young. Time of game—One hour and fifty minutes.

A Well-Contested Game on the Oakland Grounds.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 29th.—About 400 people witnessed a well-contested game between the Oakland and Stockton at Emeryville this afternoon.

Norris O'Neill's wild throw saved the latter from a shut-out.

McLaughlin's decisions were faulty, and a \$10 fine was imposed on A. Assinist for taking an exception to them. Score:

OAKLAND. T. B. R. H. E. S. P. O. A. E.  
Castillon, s. 3 1 1 0 1 2 1 0  
Booly, 1st b. 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Sweetney, c. 4 1 3 1 4 0 0 0  
Dungan, r. 3 0 2 1 1 0 0 0  
Lohman, c. 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
C. O'Neill, f. 4 0 0 2 1 1 1 0  
McDonald, 2d b. 4 1 2 1 4 0 0 0  
N. O'Neill, 3d b. 4 0 1 0 1 0 0 0  
Carney, p. 4 0 0 0 2 0 0 0  
Totals.....33 3 10 4 27 12 2

STOCKTON. T. B. R. H. E. S. P. O. A. E.  
Cahill, f. 4 0 0 0 1 0 0 0  
Stockwell, r. 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Selma, 1st b. 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Fugler, s. 4 0 0 0 1 1 0 0  
Holiday, c. 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Fogarty, 2d b. 3 0 0 0 0 5 1 0  
Wilson, 3d b. 3 1 0 0 3 2 1 0  
Armstrong, c. 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Kilroy, p. 3 0 1 0 0 0 0 0  
Totals.....30 1 1 0 27 10 2

Runs by innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
Oakland.....1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0—3  
Stockton.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Earned runs—Oakland, 1. Two-base hits—Dungan, Sacrifice hits—N. O'Neill, Kilroy. First base on errors—Oakland, 3; Stockton, 1. Left on bases—Oakland, 6; Stockton, 3. Struck out—By Carney, 2; by Casey, 1. Double plays—Fogarty and C. O'Neill to Booley; N. O'Neill, McDonald and Dooley. Time of game—one hour and forty minutes. Umpire—McLaughlin. Official scorer—Stapleton.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

CLUBS. Games Played. Games Won. Percentage.  
Oakland.....12 16 15 43 84 511  
Sacramento.....17 13 13 21 55 690  
San Francisco.....11 9 12 17 43 511  
Stockton.....11 9 12 17 43 511

Games Lost.....41 34 41 33 169.....

To-day's Game.

To-day's game between the Sacramento and San Francisco will commence at 3 o'clock.

Harper and Coughlin will be the opening pitchers. The remainder of the positions in the two clubs will be filled by the same players who played yesterday.

DUCKWORTH AT LIBERTY.

Judge Van Fleet Hears the Facts and Releases Him.

A. A. Duckworth, who was recently held to answer to charges of assault to murder in the Police Court, appeared before Superior Judge Van Fleet yesterday for arraignment.

Assistant District Attorney A. J. Bruner, however, moved that the charges be dismissed. He said he had examined the case thoroughly, and had come to the conclusion that the young man had been more sinned against than guilty of sin himself.

Police Judge Buckley, who made the order holding Duckworth, was now of the same opinion, said Mr. Bruner, and joined him in the request for a dismissal. All of the prosecuting witnesses, too, had joined in the chorus for mercy.

W. J. Tyler, one of the persons whom Duckworth assaulted, took the witness stand and substantiated what Mr. Bruner had said.

Duckworth, it will be remembered, had some words a couple of weeks ago with a man named McPherson at the State House, and McPherson, who is a very large man, assaulted him. Duckworth defended himself with a pocket knife, but in trying to cut his assailant out Tyler, who had stepped between them. Subsequently McPherson renewed hostilities and Duckworth hit him with a bottle and ran away.

McPherson gave chase, but when he overhauled Duckworth the latter drew a razor and cut several holes in McPherson's coat. Neither McPherson nor Tyler were hurt.

Judge Van Fleet after hearing the particulars discharged Duckworth.

FATAL KICKING.

Thomas Hodge Dies From Injuries Received in a Fight.

The Coroner's office was notified early yesterday morning that a man had been found dead in a box-car at Thirteenth and B streets. When Deputy Coroner George H. Clark found the body, the lower portion of the face and the clothing were covered with blood, indicating that death had been from hemorrhage.

The remains were taken to the Morgue, and although they were viewed there by a number of curious on-lookers, the body was not until last night that the body was identified.

Silas Lanyon, who keeps a saloon at Fourth and L streets, recognized the dead man as Thomas Hodge, a native of England. Mr. Lanyon said Hodge had been working for the Lone Coal Company and came to this city for medical treatment about a week ago. Several months ago Hodge got into a fight at Redding and was severely kicked in the right side. Since then, said Mr. Lanyon, he had been unwell and was continually spitting blood.

The deceased, said Mr. Lanyon, has a brother who is Superintendent of several mines somewhere in Montana.

## THE NIXON ESTATE.

The Heirs Object to the Price Obtained for the Property.

The real estate left by the late Dr. A. B. Nixon was recently sold at auction by order of the Superior Court, for \$6,500, Major Wilcoxon being the purchaser. The matter came up before Judge Van Fleet yesterday for his confirmation of the sale.

There was an array of legal talent on hand, representing every branch of the case. Clinton White was there in behalf of the widow, Johnson, Johnson and Johnson, for the executor, Mr. Washburn, A. L. Hart, for the heirs, and J. W. Hughes, for Major Wilcoxon.

Attorney White started in with an objection to the confirmation until his client was guaranteed \$2,750. He explained that she held a portion of the property as a homestead, but was willing to renounce all claim and make over the same to Wilcoxon, for the amount mentioned.

General Hart said he had drawn up a written agreement to that effect between the widow and the heirs, but Mrs. Nixon refused to sign it, because certain personal property had not been delivered to her.

Mr. White explained that Mrs. Nixon did not propose to give a deed for the homestead until the money was in sight. The money must be paid over to her, and must not go into the administration of the estate.

All the other attorneys agreed that this was fair, and everything was on a fair way to settlement, when Mr. Hart called the attention of the Court to the fact that the entire property sold for only \$6,500 when it had been appraised at \$10,000. This he considered an inadequate amount, and he on behalf of the heirs, objected to the confirmation.

Judge Van Fleet asked for testimony, and Louis Nixon and Mr. Swetzer, one of the appraisers, both testified that the property had sold too low.

The judge said he considered the price too low, too, but before ordering another sale, or taking any action in the case, he would look into the matter.

SAN JOSE'S ORPHANS.

Superintendent Holtt spends a Pleasant Day With Them.



STAGE NOVELTIES RARE.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CREATION AND REPRODUCTION.

Value of a New and Beautiful Idea—Dramatic Handwriting and Literary Composition—The Vogue of the Epoch.

Every now and then we hear people interested in the stage saying that in each succeeding production of new plays "there is a feature of a character entirely novel to the stage." On this the speakers always advance and base their alleged belief in the success of the venture.

Now, it is the hardest thing in the world to find a genuine novelty for dramatic use, simply because nearly everything human, mechanical and artificial has been employed by stage managers in some shape or other during the past twenty-five or thirty years. Prior to 1845, I believe I am correct when I say that realism on the modern stage was practically unknown, or existed only in small measure, just as was illustrated by the theatrical gentleman's announcement that the "pump and the water" used in a certain barnyard scene would be a "real pump and real water."

I am aware of the strength which lies in the claims of the patrons of the Old Bowery and of Drury Lane in London that "pieces were put on as well and as fully, so far as reality was concerned, in both these houses in the good old days of the sixties as they have been at any time since."

I am also prone to yield obedience and respect to the old-timers like Charley Foster, Bob Johnson and "Dunstan Kirk." Could they when they challenge contradiction to their assertion that the stage managers of the days of the sixties and "before" were as faithful to the realistic necessities of the drama and scenic effects as are any of the men of to-day who have charge of the productions for which so much is claimed.

So you see that I am inclined to attach as much importance to the assertion that "there is nothing new on the modern stage" as most of these gentlemen could desire, and I admit that there is in truth very little possible in the way of absolute novelty in idea on the modern stage.

It seems to be admitted of and by all that novelty in the drama has been applied in theatrical enterprises, and to insure it in all branches of the profession men are employed "to get up ideas." The advance agent is expected to do "something entirely new" in the way of booming the enterprise. The stage manager is supposed to be agonizing over the scenic application of his art, either to the scenery or business of the piece, and even in old or classical plays actors are expected to give "new readings" to old lines.

This craze for novelty is the offspring of the epoch and applies as much to millinery as to the drama. But it is more easily satisfied in the former than in the latter, because materials are more abundant and the fabrics have not been worn threadbare.

A very well posted dramatic agent in this city said to me the other day that the success of a new enterprise depended on one of three things: a new theme, a stage scenic feature and an engaging new star. "With any one of these," said he, "a manager may feel certain of moderate success at least. Without any one of them bankruptcy is inevitable."

Finding that he had so fully formulated a sentence to convey the faith of his brethren to me, I began to comprehend the feverish desire of the profession to seize upon and own even a Jumbo, so long as it had never been seen upon the stage before. And I read more intelligently the announcements of managers to the effect that this, that or the other play for which he was trying to book time was "entirely new, both in scenery, costume and character."

There was only one thing which puzzled me, and this was the avidity with which the managers in general declared their preference for the things they described as "tried attractions." In other words, they would refuse a piece, no matter who assured them that it was novel, and accept a "chestnut," despite their avowed belief in "novelties."

This seemed to be somewhat anomalous in this case; but then Mr. Frohman undertook to explain it to me thus: "You see, dear boy, managers take a great risk when they attempt to place anything new before the public. The thing may be new, you know, but it may not be the kind of novelty the public wants, and then, you see, loss is inevitable, and failure, and the manager means more than mere money; it entails loss of prestige and the confidence of your patrons, which engenders the usual disagreeable consequences of distrust for your next production. No; I'll admit that we have to go slow, and sift the novelties when we reach them. Managers in the country have great faith in novelties after somebody in New York has proven their value at the risk of disastrous failure. Managers in New York desire novelties, but they have to pay so dearly for them that they never invest in them until after they have done all in their power to determine their quality. This is why so many of our conservative managers go abroad for what they regard as 'assured successes.'"

Further search and investigation proved to me that the country or provincial manager preferred his chestnuts after somebody else had roasted them to roasting them himself, just as his New York brethren do. To put it mildly and directly, he would book an attraction which had made money somewhere else rather than to attempt to draw his powers for the first time himself. Hence we see that "Lost in London," "After Dark," "The Bottom of the Sea," "The Blue and the Gray," "The Veteran," and a long line of ancient virtues are booked for production at some of the most popular theaters in America for next season.

But this seems to be a digression from my theme—the inestimable value of and craze for novelty on the stage. Still it was necessary to show the esteem of two leading parties in theatrical matters—the impressionists and the votaries of the renaissance. The former are hungry for novelty; the latter adhere to the old school. And yet both meet upon one point, which is, that even in the reproduction of antique successes novelty of treatment is indispensable and beneficial.

The entire novelties, if genuine successes, become fortune factors; the antique successes, if cleverly revived, follow closely upon the heels of the novelties, and widely as the two parties seem to diverge, they are in the most complete accord on the value of novelty on the stage, either in treatment or idea.

I think this was fully explained the other night, when McKee Rankin produced the "Canuck" at the Bijou Opera House. The place was full of clever people, who had come to see Mr. Rankin's "novelty." And I might add that they were well pleased with that portion of the entertainment which was honestly novel.

This was the old man himself, Jean Baptiste Cadeau, the Canuck, which was played most attractively in critical points by Mr. Rankin. "The Canuck" was new in a large sense to the stage as an identity, and its novel character earned for it the approval of the spectators. The other novelty, which was launched by Mr. Wilton Lackaye, who impersonated a typical New York scamp and rounder of the well-

known type, won upon the spectators likewise, because, I am happy to say, it was new to the stage—that is, to the Metropolitan stage—very largely.

Too much could not be said in the way of encouragement to Mr. Rankin for his own charming character study, and I think his success in it demonstrated that, like Joshua Whitcomb, the Canuck had come to stay—in some set of circumstances, at all events. He is worthy of life and popularity.

But let me more thoroughly elucidate the value of novelty to the stage, and to him who exploits the new idea. Augustin Daly compiled a very ordinary play in "Under the Gaslight," which he was about to produce at the New York Theatre when the Worrell sisters were connected with it. The piece dealt with certain phases of New York life which were more or less commonplace, and a scene at the Shrewsbury Bend and in the vicinity of Long Branch, then just becoming fashionable as the new seaside resort near New York, was introduced for as the effect of the play.

I do not propose to rehearse the trite story about the accidental discovery by John Dunham of the telescopic railway car and the incidents which attended the experiments, for much that has been said in relation thereto was either grossly exaggerated or fictitious. It is enough to say that the railway scene in which the one-armed soldier's life was imperiled and saved was so entirely novel and effective that it made the success of the play and Mr. Daly's fortune at once.

Dion Boucicault recognized the strength of the scene so fully that he introduced it in his "Hatter's Castle," and made another fortune with it in London.

Then there was the "Black Crook," one of the most absurd pieces ever written, and not to be mentioned in the same category with half a dozen plays of its kind which had lived and died on the English stage years before. Yet it figured in New York as an absolute novelty when it was wedded to or took in the Jarrett and Palmer Parisian ballet, and it made half a dozen men independently rich. It was a novelty here, at any rate, and caught the fancy of our people with its mise en scene and gorgeous display of voluptuous antics.

I am told that William Wheatleigh made over \$600,000 out of it a Niblo's, and that Jarrett and Palmer realized between them fully as much more, and that Barras, the author of the book, a poor scene painter, because he was well known, made the first time in the history of the stage in which an author's maiden effort enriched or even compensated him for having dared to write a play.

Again, who does not recall the success of the "Shaughraun" with its revolving towers, the enormous financial victory which it won at the Fourteenth-street Theatre, and the thousands of dollars realized for the Wallacks, Sam Colville and Henry Pettit, by the life-raft scene in "The World." All of these were novelties, pure and unalloyed, to New Yorkers, who were, therefore, willing to pay for them, and which, in the case of the latter, were instances of financial success achieved by scenic features, but I have mentioned enough for my purpose.

As exemplifications of the value of a new theme, I might cite "Sam'l o' Posen," in which Mr. Curtis expounded the principle of the antithesis of the antithesis, and the excellencies of the Hebrew drummer, when he pronounced "the most innocent man on the road." Solon Shingle, Rip Van Winkle, Joshua Whitcomb and many more come up before me as examples. Still there is no need of further citation to prove the enormous value on the stage is valuable; but one cannot help reflecting how very few and far between have been the births and expositions of these valuable novelties within the past fifteen years.

The writers for the stage here and in England seem to have been groping in the dark for themes and features in vain. The best they have done for a long time appears to have been accomplished in the direction of treatment rather than creation.

The critics, who sit and watch the productions of plays week after week, and who read and remember the dramas of former periods, become fretful when they recognize old friends masquerading as new beings and begging of them the respect that belongs to a newly introduced personage.

This is what makes the critics severe. They do not like to be told that a variety show is a farcical comedy. They are indignant when they are called upon to accept a potpourri of old operatic airs to a new composition, or to waste a whole evening sitting in judgment on the mountebank of a lot of negro comedians in white face "ragging" and gyrating as they have done under burnt cork, yet coolly requesting the public to accept their nonsense as a new farce, or a work of theatrical art. The mere fact that reputable managers lend themselves to such manifest humbug proves two things conclusively—that there is money in even the shadow of novelty, and that the public is satisfied even by the semblance thereof.

He who can create one idea upon the stage to which no previous production has laid claim becomes a great man, and it is not surprising that he is called the immortal. But, as I have said before, such as he come at rare and long intervals in the dramatic profession.

Most of the laborers in the field of dramatic production like Mackaye, Howard, Hoyt, McNally and Simon are working for a creative niche in the history of the literature of the drama like the modern handshakers, complexio improvers and milliners to society. They are striving to make the same old identities look new, and to restore to the pinched cheeks of age and disfiguration the counterfeit of the face of youth.

Critical students comprehend if they do not expose their works, because, like the fictitious blushes of painted beauty, they fade and die in a night.

ROBERT MORRIS.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK SALES.

MORNING SESSION.	
Ophir	35
Mexican	35
G. & U.	40
C. V. A.	40
C. V. A.	40
Sage	40
Chollar	40
Potosi	40
Point	40
Jack	40
Imperial	40
Kentuck	40
Alpha	40
Belcher	40
Confidence	40
S. Nevada	40
Utah	40
Exchequer	40
Sag. Belcher	40
Overman	40
Union	40
Julia	40
California	40
Silver Hill	40
Lash Wash	40
Andes	40
AFTERNOON SESSION.	
Ophir	40
Mexican	40
G. & U.	40
C. V. A.	40
C. V. A.	40
Sage	40
Chollar	40
Potosi	40
Point	40
Jack	40
Imperial	40
Kentuck	40
Alpha	40
Belcher	40
Confidence	40
S. Nevada	40
Utah	40
Exchequer	40
Sag. Belcher	40
Overman	40
Union	40
Julia	40
California	40
Silver Hill	40
Lash Wash	40
Andes	40



## THE CAPTAIN'S GRIP.

An old California friend—John Wilson, let us call him for convenience—has been strolling about New York, refreshing his memory, visiting new points of interest, and generally "taking in" the sights. In piloting him around the city I naturally stumbled upon the Eden Musee and took him in to see the grisly groups and tableaux in the crypt. He was very much interested in them and repeatedly expressed surprise and admiration at the skill of the workmanship and the artistic and realistic effects of the grouping and attitudes. Having won the blue during the civil war, he was especially attracted by the representation of Custer's last fight; but I observed that he could hardly take his eyes off a group of figures in Oriental costumes, and that for some minutes after examining that group he continued gazing and absent-minded. Presently, at luncheon, I asked Jack what particular memory that Oriental tableau had stimulated. I put the question advisedly, because I knew that my friend had seen men and cities and experiences, and strange adventures, and his grip was good, while most of them were apt to be new. So I deliberately angled for a yarn, feeling that it would harmonize better with a cigar than a fresh descent into the streets. Jack, on being questioned, fell once more into his abstracted mood, and after a minute of silence said slowly:

"I was thinking of a group I once saw, not composed of wax figures, yet as rigid and motionless, in which an Oriental bore a conspicuous part."

After this beginning, of course, I did not let Jack go until he had told his story, and what he said is now reproduced here:

"After the close of the war I found it impossible to settle down again to humdrum work, but I soon found that if I was in search of adventure it would be necessary to try some other country than my own. The United States was at that time bound to make up for lost time. All the business and money-making tendencies of the nation seemed stimulated to the uttermost. Speculation was booming; the war spirit had not unheeded of audacity into all kinds of commercial enterprises, and generally the hour of the capitalist was at hand. I did not happen to be one of these. I had a little money—enough to live upon comfortably—and I felt no inclination to go grubbing for more. Action, excitement, picturesque, the unexpected, were what I desired, and I began looking over the world for some situation containing a promise."

"At last I got tired of waiting and tried to compromise with myself by a course of drifting. I drifted to the Pacific coast, then to the Sandwich Islands; from there to Japan, and after a few months' wandering in one of the most interesting countries and among the most delightful people I know, I found my way to Canton. This was some time after Horatio E. Lay's fiasco. You remember about that? No? Well, this Lay was a blue-blooded English diplomat, and he thought that he could do a stroke of business for himself by undertaking to organize a fleet for the Chinese Government wherewith to put down piracy, at that time very troublesome, especially in and about Kwangtung. Lay obtained some of the authority, went to the scene of the difficulty, whatever it was. The white smoke showed above the trees about four miles off in a straight line as nearly as I could judge, but how far that meant by water it was quite impossible to tell. My delta pilot, who had picked up his gun, and was looking at the smoke, said to me: 'He knew where the fighting was going on and could take me to it, but it would require a full hour to get there. There was no help for it, of course.'"

"We could not straighten or shorten the winding channel, and so we clapped on full speed. The firing meantime continued in a queer spasmodic way, and at intervals the rattle of the machine guns was punctuated by a much clearer, sharper sound, which I felt sure was that of a rifle or a revolver. This made the case more serious, and I looked at the smoke of the gunboats with a keen interest. The white smoke showed above the trees about four miles off in a straight line as nearly as I could judge, but how far that meant by water it was quite impossible to tell. My delta pilot, who had picked up his gun, and was looking at the smoke, said to me: 'He knew where the fighting was going on and could take me to it, but it would require a full hour to get there. There was no help for it, of course.'"

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"You, of course, understand that piracy in China is not regarded as a heinous crime. The Mongolian view of the matter is pretty much the same, and the Western nations held in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; only there is less romance and more practicability about the pirates. Very respectable Chinese business men interest themselves in piracy along the Kwangtung coast, just as the usual trouble in scraping a ship's company together, and then drilling them into something like working order I was ready for sea."

plexion—a clear pallor—with black eyes and hair and a Southern suppleness of grace and bearing. She was not exactly a pretty woman, but decidedly pleasing, and her composure and quiet, genteel manner won me over steadily. Both of them spoke Chinese fluently, and they gave a favorable account of the people.

"They had a special pet in a Chinese steward named Tin-Ling, a burly, round-faced fellow, who would have passed muster anywhere as the laziest man but for his eyes, which shone steadily. Both of them spoke Chinese fluently, and they gave a favorable account of the people."

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"The Captain laid out a steady glare at the first. He never looked anybody square in the face, or encountered a steady glare without squinting. I concluded, however, that his squint was understood him, and, anyhow, it was no affair of mine. My acquaintance with the Winsors lasted until the Captain's vessel, a small bark named the So-Kiang, was ready to sail on one of her regular coasting cruises. She would be away some three months, and would visit a number of little ports. I expected to get away about forty-eight hours after her, and the evening before she left I took my place aboard her with the skipper and we drank a farewell glass. As I was going away I happened to see Tin-Ling leaning over the side talking in a low tone to some rough-looking man in a sampan alongside, and in half joking way I said:

"We reached the mouth of the river, anchored for the night, and next morning at daybreak hove up and began to thread the creeks and estuaries of that region, of course with due caution and the least always going. The first day brought no grist to my mill, and that evening I brought upon between two islets, and being doubtful of the neighborhood, I kept a boat's crew rowing guard all night, for it was so dark in there that the pirates might have surrounded us without being seen, provided they were quiet enough. However, we were not disturbed, and the second day opened without much promise of excitement. Probably the pirates had got wind of our expedition and had made themselves scarce. In any case there was nothing to do but go on, and on we went. The scenery was interesting enough if I had cared for that, but I was hatching to try the guns on a mob of pirate junks, and the idea of being fooled was not soothing."

"We were steaming slowly along, dodging and turning to avoid the numerous shoals, when suddenly a peculiar rapping sound broke the silence. I at once recognized the noise. It was the report of a match-lock volley, and it of course indicated a fight somewhere, and in all probability an attack by the pirates on some vessel. I waited the smoke to rise and then the average scene of the difficulty, whatever it was. The white smoke showed above the trees about four miles off in a straight line as nearly as I could judge, but how far that meant by water it was quite impossible to tell. My delta pilot, who had picked up his gun, and was looking at the smoke, said to me: 'He knew where the fighting was going on and could take me to it, but it would require a full hour to get there. There was no help for it, of course.'"

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and, in all probability, in the very moment Winsor set his grip upon it. How long the Captain had stood there holding the corpse we never knew, but it was at least a long time, and he raised his eyes from the blackened features of the traitor faint sigh caught my ear, and turning to the bed, I saw that Mrs. Winsor's eyelids were quivering. 'Captain!' I cried excitedly, 'I don't think your wife is dead, after all!'

"And, to cut a long story short, she was not dead; she was not even dangerously hurt. She had caught Tin-Ling rushing in upon her with his knife, perhaps bent only upon plunder at the moment; but she shrieked, and the steward sprang upon her. Her husband had heard her scream, and rushed below at the very instant Tin-Ling's knife was descending. Its point had cut just deep enough into the flesh to draw blood, when those iron hands gripped him; and I am inclined to think that the death of Tin-Ling could not have more sudden and painless had the agent been electricity, instead of blunt steel."

"This was the tableau the figures in the crypt of the Eden Musee recalled to my mind," said Jack Wilson, as we passed out into Broadway again.—New York Ledger.

## DIALOGUE OF THE HORSES.

FIRST HORSE.  
We are the pets of men—  
The pampered pets of men—  
There is naught for us gentle and good  
In the great days of our babyhood;  
We are the pampered pets of men—  
Oh, none so pretty and proud as we!  
They cheer and cherish us in our play—  
None so smiling and glad as we!  
And when a little of our lives have grown,  
Each has a table and room his own.  
A waiter to fill his glass and hand  
A barber to comb and comb his hair.  
Yes, we are the pets of men—  
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And when a little of our lives have grown,  
Each has a table and room his own.  
A waiter to fill his glass and hand  
A barber to comb and comb his hair.  
Yes, we are the pets of men—  
The pampered pets of men—  
They show us, gaily dressed and proud,  
The elegant and the dandy crowd,  
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